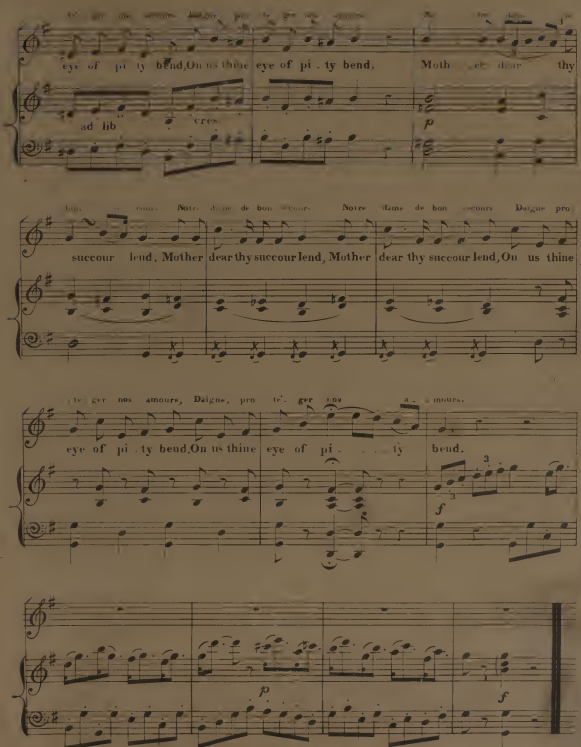
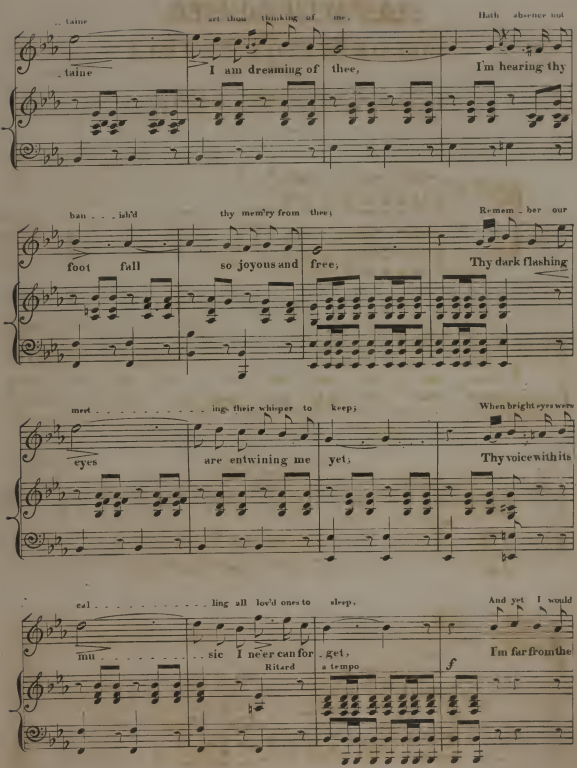
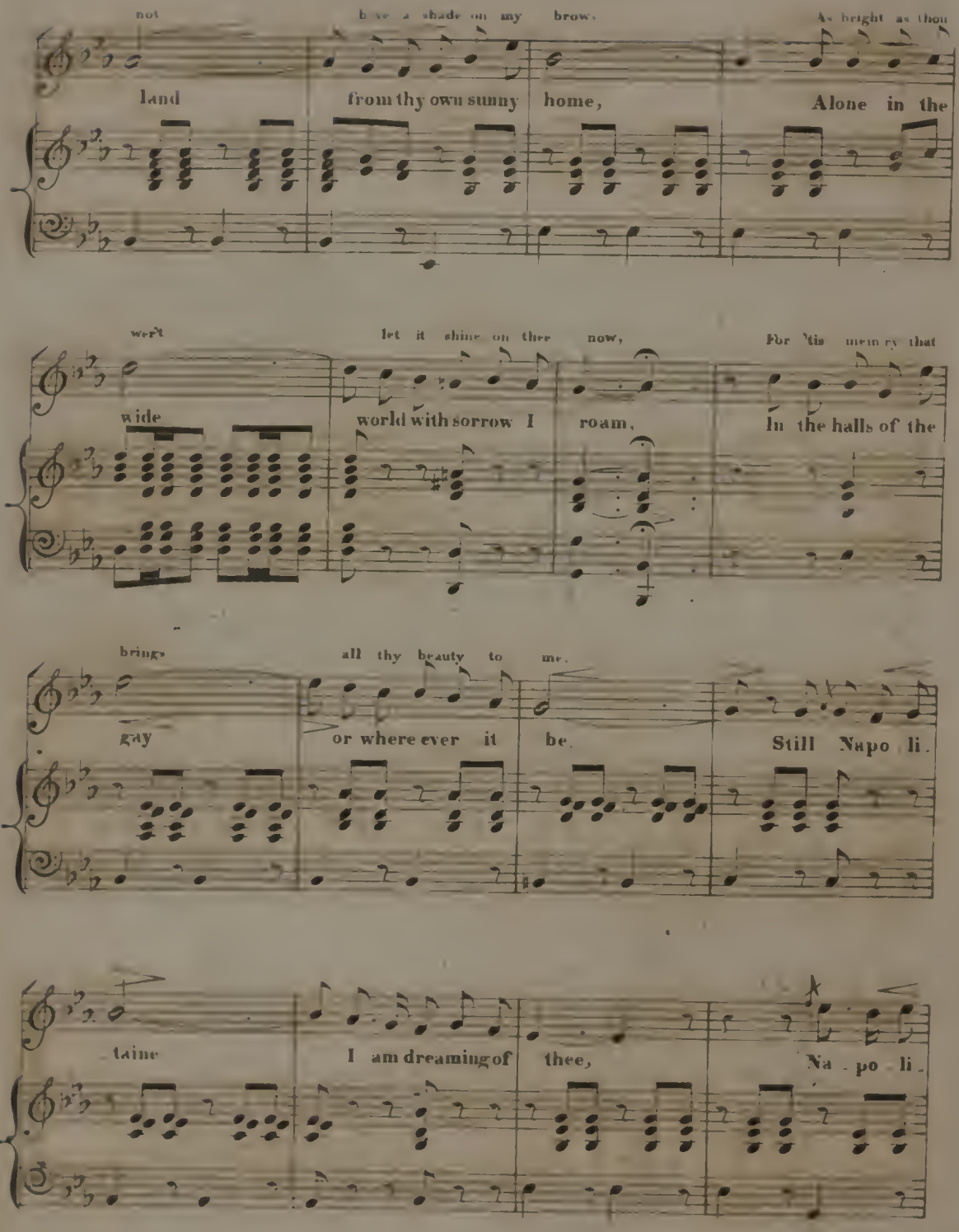

eye of pi ty bend, On us thine eye of pi - ty bend, Moth er dear thy
ad lib
cres.
p
succour lend, Mother dear thy succour lend, Mother dear thy succour lend, On us thine
eye of pi ty bend, On us thine eye of pi ty bend,
3
f
p
f

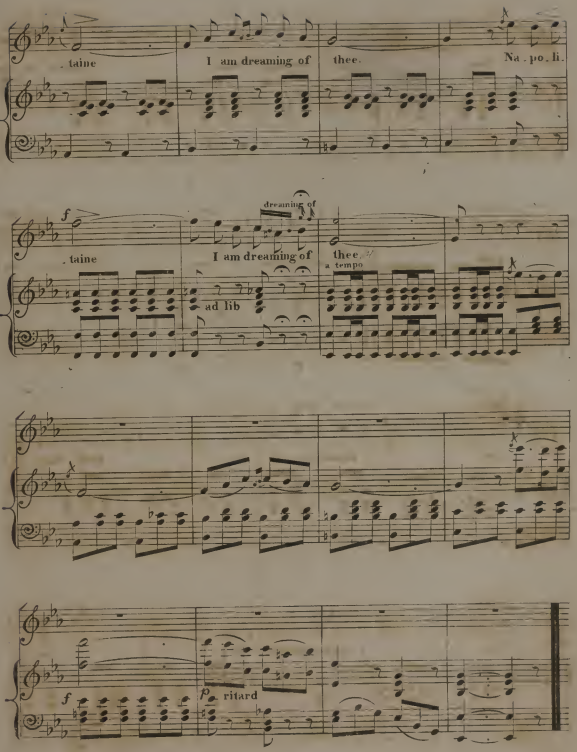
NAPOLITAINE

"I AM DREAMING OF THEE"

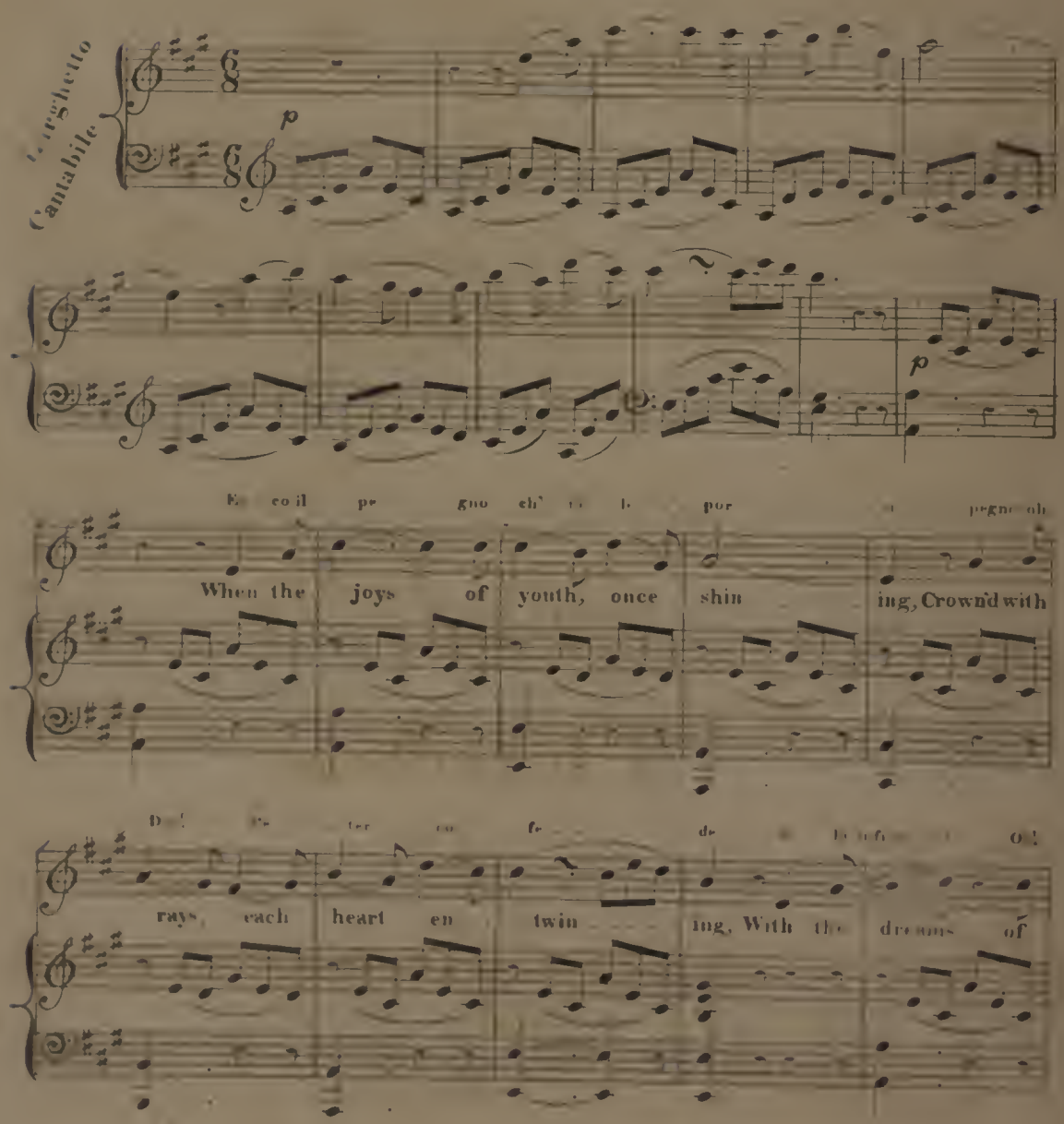
ALEXANDER LEE.


art thou thinking of me,
Hath absence not
taine
I am dreaming of thee,
I'm hearing thy
ban . . . ish'd
thy mem'ry from thee;
Remem - ber our
foot fall
so joyous and free;
Thy dark flashing
meet . . . . . ings their whisper to keep;
When bright eyes were
eyes
are entwining me yet;
Thy voice with its
eal . . . . . ling all lov'd ones to sleep.
And yet I would
mu . . . . . sic I ne'er can for - get,
I'm far from the
Ritard
a tempo
f


not have a shade on my brow, As bright as thou
land from thy own sunny home, Alone in the
wert let it shine on thee now, For 'tis memory that
wide world with sorrow I roam, In the halls of the
brings all thy beauty to me,
gay or where ever it be, Still Napo li.
taine I am dreaming of thee, Na po li.


taine
I am dreaming of
thee.
Na. po. li.
f
dreaming of
taine
I am dreaming of
thee
a tempo
ad lib
f
p
ritard

WHEN THE JOYS OF YOUTH,

AIR IN

ECCO IL PEGNO DONIZETTI.